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1912







Aurora

Published by the
Class of Nineteen Hundred Twelve
Hobart High School

1/2 1/2

Hobart - - Indiana

1/2 1/2

Volume Five



HOBART HIGH SCHOOL

To the Faculty of the Hobart High
School, who have guided and inspired
us during the past four years, we,
the Senior Class, lovingly dedicate
this Aurora. ❀ ❀ ❀



LEWIS E. BARNES, Township Trustee

To whom is intrusted the business management of our schools, and to whose well-directed energy may be attributed the erection and equipment of the handsome and commodious new High School Building.



G. H. THOMPSON, Superintendent
B. Sc. Valparaiso University 1907
Principal Hobart Township High School 1895-1905
Superintendent Hobart Schools 1905



Walter A. Zaugg
Principal High School, Science and German
B. Sc., B. Ped., A. B.,
Valparaiso University 1908

Miss Helen M. Quinnell
Latin and Botany
B. Sc. Valparaiso University 1910





Homer Wiley
Mathematics and History
DePauw and Lincoln College



Miss Edith Wood
Commercial



Miss Isaphine Mae Richey
Supervisor of Music



Mrs. Kate Wood Ray
Expression



Class of Nineteen Hundred Twelve



Class Mottos

"He conquers who endures."

"Vincit qui patitur."

"Wer anshalt, beseigt."



Class Colors

Cream and Green

Class Flower

City-of-the-Valley

Commencement Program.

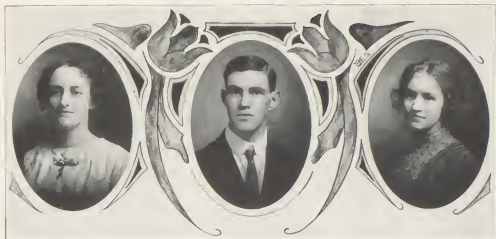
Grand March de Concert	- - -	H. A. Wollenhaupt
		Miss Lola Schuelke
Ladies' Quartette—Daybreak	- - -	O. Peurel
		Edith Chase, Doris White
		Hazel Halsted, Clara Mayhak
Salutatory	- - -	Ruth Johnson
Duet—Life's Dream is O'er	- - -	Adapted to Ascher's "Alice"
		Miss Richey, Mr. Jones
Valedictory	- - -	Doris White
ADDRESS—Here or Nowhere	- - -	- - -
		Harold Morton Kramer, Frankfort, Indiana
Presentation of Diplomas	- - -	G. H. Thompson
Chorus—Good Night, Good Night, Beloved	- - -	Ciro Pinsuti
		Class of 1912
		Miss Lola Schuelke, Accompanist

Class Officers

President, Leau Killigren

Vice-President, Clara Mayhak

Sec. and Treas., William Fleck



DORIS WHITE

Editor-in-Chief

Here's the author of all of these verses,
She's valedictorian of the class.
She caused every member to hustle
To publish "Aurora." Alas!



BENJAMIN SMITH

Editor of English

Were you thinking he looked scientific?
No, he thinks that English is fun.
But whatever he does, he's a sticker;
He'll fight on till the battle is done.



RUTH JOHNSON

Salutatorian

There is no use to tell of her prowess;
I would make it seem dwarfish and small.
Her dimples, her smile and her sweetness
Are enough. She's beloved by us all.



EDITH M. CHASE

Editor of Music

Did you ask for the basket ball captain,
Or the "number one" typist to see?
Or was it a young prima donna?
Well, here's Edith Chase; she's all three.



LEON KILLIGREW

Class President

Hail, President great of the Seniors,
(Our leader in cutting-up, too).
Though you're not very large nor awesome,
We will all take our hats off to you.



HAZEL HALSTED

Social Editor

She's a leader of social distinction.
See under H. W. and J.
She's our cracker-jack High School pianist,
And the jolliest girl of the day.



MINNIE H. TRAEGER

Commercial Editor

If anyone now should come seeking
A bright yet athletic young girl,
One who really could take care of business,
Minnie T. would win out in the whirl.



ARTHUR JOHNSON

Dramatic Editor

Here's a boy who can draw a straight furrow,
And add up a column straight, too.
In Phys and in Chem you must prove it
Or Art won't believe it is true.



KATHERINE RAMENSTEIN

Latin Editor

If you're thinking of her as a dreamer,
On account of those dreamy blue eyes,
Her work, then in Latin and English,
Would give you, we know, a surprise.



MABEL E. TRAEGER

Jokes and Personals

Mabel's one of our brainiest members,
Always busy and lively and gay;
So, though we can't read of her future,
We know she'll make good anyway.



HAROLD E. TABBERT

Mathematics Editor

Take a look at that coppery top-knot,
Then think of the mile he can run,
And then of his Math. and his English.
Then say, don't you think him A-1?



HAZEL STROM

Art Editor

She can draw, she can paint like a wizard,
She can sing like a lark, and play, too.
Look out for those eyes and that giggle!
If you don't—well, it's all off with you.



LAWRENCE C. TRAEGER, Jr.

Athletic Editor

Are we proud of our orator, Lawrence?
Well, we rather should guess that we are.
He is also our heavy-weight champion,
And in discus and shot-put a star.



ELLA LONDENBERG

Jokes and Personals

Do you know Ella L.? She's a jewel,
A lassie that never could fail.
With a smile and a hand to the weak one,
Right through every trial she'll sail.



JOHN G. FLECK

Class Prophet

Though John hasn't been with us always,
Right gladly we all welcomed him
When he came this last term. And he's equaled
And led us in spirit and vim.



CECILE MARTIN

History and Civics

If you hear a gay laugh through the window,
If you see a bright face at the door,
Whether school house or office, "That's Cecile,"
For she'll laugh and be bright evermore.



LEROY RAMENSTEIN

Science Editor

Here's a boy who is great in "Commercial,"
But Science is where he can shine,
He is always the same jolly fellow,
And his name it is Roy Ramenstein.



BLISS SHEARER

Asst. Art Editor

Bliss deals in dates, peaches, and lemons,
And her hair she can "do to a T."
She's our general assistant, a worker,
And a dandy good teacher she'll be.



GORDON PRICE

Class Will

Though Gordon has only been with us
A year, he's so big and so strong
And so jolly, yet such a good worker,
We are glad we have had him that long.



CLARA B. MAYHAK

Senior Class Editor

Do you hear that sweet voice, high and ringing?
Do you see that enchanting young girl?
That's Clara, so bright and so winning,
A cluster of diamond and pearl.



WILLIAM A. FLECK

Editor of German
Business Manager

He's the champion of all basket-throwers,
In field work, pole vaulting's his score.
He is famed in Geom. (and in smiling).
Can you ask for anything more?



Aurora


The first bright gleams that put the dark to flight,
Proclaim "Aurora", golden-hearted dawn;
In rose-hued robes, the mists, like curtains drawn
Apart, revealing her, a vision bright
She rises o'er the hills, dispelling night;
And with her wand of morning sends the sun
Up, up its glorious arch. The day's begun!

"Aurora" soars victorious, queen of light!
So let our day begin! The dawn has blazed
Across the dark, the night of knowing naught,
And has revealed an arch, vast, vague, bright;
Above her wand of inspiration raised
To guide us o'er that arch all richly wrought,
"Aurora" floats, our glorious queen of light!

D. W. '12



EDITORIAL

 IN SEPTEMBER 5, 1911, the class of nineteen hundred twelve became Seniors. At last we had acquired the right to that honorable title. The full duties and responsibilities of our position had yet to dawn upon us. But we did realize that we were the class which was to publish the H. H. S. "Aurora" for 1912. So every one of our twenty-one members set to work with a will.

And now our work is over. Our book, the "Aurora" for 1912, is ready for you who are interested in it. But as we look back over the difficulties of its preparation, over the rough and rocky road it traveled to completion, we realize that without your interest and your co-operation we could have done almost nothing. And we heartily thank you, one and all, who have shown your interest in the best possible way,—by furthering all High School enterprises, by advertising in our issue, by subscribing for the "Aurora," in a word, by giving us your patronage.

It is our sincere hope and desire that the "Aurora" for 1912 may prove not only an account of our happy High School life, which we may read with pleasure in the coming years, but a worthy representative of our High School training and a source of true enjoyment to all its readers.

DORIS WHITE, '12.

Editor-in-Chief.

SALUTATORY.

PARENTS and Friends,—The class of Nineteen Hundred Twelve extends to you its heartiest greeting. It gives us pleasure to look upon your faces, to welcome you here on this Night of nights. We have long been anticipating this moment when we should appear before you as graduates. We have welcomed you here on numerous occasions, but in no other has our interest been so intense.

This night terminates our high school career. For some of us school days will soon be but a memory; new experiences will be shaping themselves into our lives. For these experiences we have been fitting ourselves as best we were able. The days to come will reveal the extent of our preparation. Tonight we stand lingering, somewhat reluctant, upon the threshold; behind us, clear and definite, lie our school days; before us, vague and undistinguishable, our future—our career.

Our commencement evening is the stepping-stone from school to duty. You behold us ready to say farewell to school; ready to advance into a sphere new and strange to us. We have, up to this time, worked united. Now, each must have his own aims; each must select his individual pathway. Every year will bring us closer to the realization of our ideals; every year will contribute experiences valuable for right living; and every year will bring with it some obstacles over which we must climb. And we must ever have patience, we must always cling firmly to our purpose.

“He conquers who endures,” is our watchword. In every trouble we will think of it; whatever hindrances we meet we will remember it; if obstacles are placed in our pathway we will take courage from it. And in the end, when our aims are accomplished, when our present ideals are fulfilled and a new heaven thrills us with a nobler longing, when twilight steals o’er our days,—then may each of us step into the ranks of the conquerors, sustained by the music of the motto which has echoed through our lives—“He conquers who endures.”

RUTH JOHNSON, '12.



CLASS PROPHECY.

T WAS one bright day in early spring,
One of those days that zephyrs
bring.

That I was walking 'neath shaded trees
When soon I heard, as of buzzing bees
A sound, that seemed quite close to me
But yet there was nothing that I could
see.

I soon sat down near a singing stream
And had a dream not all a dream.
Before my vision there suddenly came
A host of nymphs, as playing a game.
My human body they soon espied
Lying on the ground, and to my side
Came the queen of this fairy band
And asked to lead me to Look-ahead land.
Accepting gladly, the whole crowd went
On with their games, and to me lent
The company of their beautiful queen
To show me the future wonderland scene.
We traveled far and finally came,
To that city where hope places fame.

The very first thing that caught my eye
Was these words on a theatre sign up high
"Killigrew and Traeger, direct from earth,
Guitar and mandolin players by birth,
Will give a concert this very day
And all should hear them, before going
away."

On entering the theatre door
I met a friend whom I knew before,
Hazel Halsted all dressed to Kill.
She'd married rich, but she was still
The same old friend of days gone by,
For she lived her life without a sigh.

She told me things that all seemed nice
Of Arthur Johnson and Gordon Price;
They were farmers near her country home
And they owned some farms of the finest
loam,
That they were well and doing fine
In their farming and the money line.

She also stated that Bennie Smith
Was farming too and in class with
The former two; but farther away
He lived, though she saw him every day.

About this time I left the show
And around the town was ready to go.

I walked into an office there
And sitting in the stenographer's chair
Was Edith Chase, writing in shorthand
What the boss was saying, just off hand.
She finished the letter and talked to me.
She told that not only she
Was a stenographer there in town,
But that Minnie Traeger of fair renown
Was also working in an office neat
Down on the principal business street.

Then I left my former classmate
For the morning was already late.
I came upon a group of women
Who with their leader were a singin'.
I waved at the leader, whom I knew;
'Twas Mable Traeger, all in blue,
Carrying the emblem of her band,—
"Vote for Women," in her hand.

I passed this by, and soon espied
The Grammar school. 'Twas well supplied
With teachers good, I do delight
In saying, that one was Doris White;
That Ruth Johnson held a chair,
And Ella Londenberg was there!

At noon I entered a hotel nearby
And Oh! so hungry a man was I.
I picked up a menu, and there so bold
In large black print, I did behold
These words, "The Hotel Delighter,"
Roy Ramenstein, proprietor.
I ate my dinner, then quickly went
Seeking pleasures, on which I was bent.

But, Lo and Behold! to my dismay,
An accident happened to spoil the day,—
A man by an auto was nearly killed.
In the hospital near were nurses skilled,
Among them Bliss Shearer, a friend of
old,

But I can't remember the things she told.
Endeavoring to leave, my way was not
certain,

When whom did I see, but Cecile Martin
Another nurse dressed neat and sweet.
Then I walked down a busy street
When I spied an office near at hand
Which was certainly something grand.
I walked right in and there, "By Hek!"
In the chief clerk's chair was Wm. Fleck

Talking to the Chief Engineer,—
 Harold Tabbert, about to hear
 Instructions of the work to do,
 For him and his mechanics, too.
 I sat down there and rested well
 And many things these men did tell
 To me, of the times and trials of life
 And said that it was an awful strife.
 We talked a while of by-gone days;
 The streets were then with lights ablaze.

So I took my leave and walked as before
 And soon I saw a department store
 Crowded with women of all styles and
 classes

Fitting dresses before large glasses.
 I looked at the sign, then turned paler;
 "Miss Hazel Strom, ladies' tailor."
 In another part of this mammoth store
 Katherine Ramenstein sold hats galore.

My greetings done I passed along
 As best I could through the eager throng.
 I met a lady, something grand,
 Going to her taxi, right near at hand.
 Clara Mayhack knew me, and asked me
 even

To come to her wedding, that night at
 seven.

I was pleased to attend this grand affair
 And I had never before seen a happier
 pair;

When the wedding was over we sat down
 to sup
 And the things seemed so real that I
 woke up.

JOHN FLECK, '12.



CLASS WILL.



E, the Class of 1912, of the Hobart High School, being of sound mind and willingly disposed, do hereby devise, and bequeath the following properties:

To the classes in general—A corps of instructors well beloved, obeyed and revered, and worthy of being better loved, obeyed and revered. We stipulate that said corps of instructors shall be handled with care and the pieces carefully preserved.

To the Junior Class—Our place of honor (and responsibility) as Seniors of Hobart High School and the accompanying solemnity of demeanor and dignity of bearing. Also the privileges of commanding and disposing.

To the Sophomores—Our social (and sociable) accomplishments (which, we are sure, will be of great value to them in the coming year) and our fiery enthusiasm for basket ball; both of which must be kept in good running order by constant use.

To this year's Freshmen—The epithet "saucy (or silly) Sophomores," which is as good as new. (It was never used for us, because it did not fit.) Also two great privileges, (a) of becoming "more wise" and (b) of teasing the class below them.

To the coming Freshmen—All the possessions, fresh (unused) in quality and green in color, which were ever ours by right or inheritance.

To the Hobart High School Faculty—Our loving gratitude and remembrance throughout our lives. We desire all our remaining possessions to be equally and fairly divided and disposed among the members of said faculty.

We do hereby appoint our trustee, L. E. Barnes and our superintendent, G. H. Thompson, to be executors of this, our last will and testament.

To which we now set our name and seal this twenty-fourth day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred twelve.

(Signed) Class of 1912.

(per G. P.)

Witnesses:

William Foreman.
Martin Meester.

CLASS SONG.

To the tune of "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

O H, THE Seniors of nineteen and twelve are here!
 Take good heed of them, one and all.
 Through the four years of high school a record we've made.
 We've good reason to walk pretty tall.
 Oh the class of twelve,
 Of nineteen twelve,
 Remember "He wins who endures."
 They'll be proud of us yet
 For we'll never forget
 That "He conquereth who endures."

For there's Cecile and Minnie and Katherine, too,
 Ella, Mable and Doris and Ruth,
 Then two Hazels and Clara and Edith and Bliss.
 Aren't we charming young ladies, in truth?
 Oh the girls of twelve
 Of nineteen twelve,
 Remember "She wins who endures."
 They'll be proud of us yet
 For we'll never forget
 That "She conquereth who endures."

Here are Arthur and Harold and Lawrence and Will,
 Here are Leon and Ben and Roy,
 Here are Gordon and John who've been with us a year,
 We are certainly proud of each boy.
 Oh the boys of twelve,
 Of nineteen twelve,
 Remember "He wins who endures."
 They'll be proud of us yet
 For we'll never forget
 That "He conquereth who endures."

We are entering into the battle of life;
 We are sailing out into the fray;
 And right bravely we'll struggle still loyal and true
 To old Hobart forever and aye.
 Oh the class of twelve,
 Of nineteen twelve,
 We must leave them all now, to be sure,
 But they'll hear from us yet
 For we'll never forget
 That "He conquereth who can endure."

DORIS WHITE.

CLASS REVIEW.



NOT upon a time, many, many years ago—four, I believe,—the class of nineteen twelve entered Hobart High School. Since then we have become famous. We have won applause in dramatic stunts, renown in our social functions, prizes in oratory, banners in athletics, championships in basket ball, and—I pause for breath.

We have among us Edith Chase, Will Fleck, Leon Killigrew, Doris White—four who have come straight up through the Hobart schools from the first grade on to **Seniorship**. We have one, Harold Tabbert, who has done the same, with the exception of one year spent in Hammond. We have fifteen who started with us as Freshmen, and now we have twenty-one in our Senior class, the greatest number that ever climbed so high in Hobart High. Subtracting the former from the latter, you will find six who joined us on the road, whom we are as proud to own as they are to own us. We know that we have “made history,” but that history is so extensive that it cannot be published in a volume of this size.

Besides the Seniors whose names and faces appear in the first part of this “Aurora,” these other have been identified with us in our high school career.

D. W. '12.

Edward Able
Clara Carlson
Minnie Carlson
*Clarence Carpenter
Eva Hanna
Elmer Hideen

Mable Johnson
Clarence Kostbade
Edwin Larson
Emil Pearson
Lenore Scollor
Henry Sholl
Lola Schuelke

*Deceased.





THE AUDITORIUM

TWICE TREASURE TROVE.

THE sun had already begun to pour its western rays upon the town of Hobart in northern Indiana. Distant woods were surrounded by the mysterious haze of Indian summer. Webs, floating low, attached themselves to a new motor car slowly making its way down the principal street of the town. The only occupant of the machine paid no heed to the silken, clinging, filmy filaments, for his thoughts were ever wandering to a picture—a mental picture of the delicate tracery of the face of a beautiful girl. A native of the village, he spoke to all he met, but his thoughts were always abstracted in that same vague dream-object.

The lingering dreaminess in his eyes grows to an eagerness that knows no bounds. He sends the car spinning toward the fashionable suburb. He stops on the boulevard and enters a house, soon to return to the machine, accompanied by the girl of his dreams.

For a long time neither spoke, each watching the changing scenes, yet subtly conscious of each other.

It was he that broke the silence. "Now I can answer your question. The car is mine. You should feel greatly honored for you are having the initial as well as the farewell ride."

"The farewell ride?"

"Yes, for I've come to say good-bye, if—"

"Why, where are you going?" she interrupted.

"I am going to Europe—"

"Oh, I thought you wouldn't take up your studies over there for at least two years."

"Different arrangements have been made, and—well, since we're near the old spring let's go down there and I'll tell you all about it."

After a short walk they arrived at the old spring. It has been a landmark since the earliest settler can remember; a landmark to the Indians for countless decades before. The water, in years gone by, had flowed between the roots of a gigantic wild cherry tree, arching the shore, yes, the very waters of Duck Creek. Civilization has dwindled Duck Creek to a mere brook, to be spanned in summer by a step, but in the early spring, as in days of yore, it speeds along, a swollen Missouri, rushing its waters to Deep River, thence to the Calumet and Lake Michigan.

The water now flows from the roots of a wild cherry tree, an outgrowth of the old tree, which bends across the spring and over the bank above. A root, washed clear or earth, runs into the bank, forming a natural seat. As they seated themselves on this he began the following story:

"In the early 20's the southern shore of Lake Michigan was uninviting, indeed, with its long stretch of sandy beach, behind which rose the lofty sand dunes, with here and there a scraggly sand cherry tree, and this infrequent growth covered with wild grape vines. Except for a few gulls that were ever hovering near the edge of the lake and skimming over the water, all was desolation.

"Along the shore walked a lone man with a shaggy, unkempt beard and a hunted, half-frightened expression on his face. With his trousers rolled above his knees he waded through the water, towing a dugout behind him. In the canoe was a chest, but it was so carefully covered that its true form could not easily be distinguished, though it could be seen that it was heavy, because of the depth at which the canoe rode.

"A cool northern wind was blowing with some little force and dashed the water upon the beach in a dangerous fashion. The man on shore labored hard to keep the canoe from running aground at one moment and from being towed out into the lake by the undercurrent at the next, while another onrushing wave might almost capsize it. He longed to ride, for a month of hiding and confinement had left him weak after work, but the waves would not permit that luxury.

"With the coming of night and the quieting of the waves he worked with a new enthusiasm. Upon reaching a point where the dunes came near the water in their shiftings, he uttered an eager shout of delight. The echo, reverberating from the dunes, so startled him that he released his hold on the thong that held his dugout. The heavily laden canoe, floating free, was thrown against him with a force that almost knocked him over. With low mutterings at being afraid of his own voice he snatched up the thong and hastened on to the object of his delight—to an inlet into the lake, the mouth of the sluggish Calumet.

"Into this he pulled his canoe, which, after a long search, he concealed in a suitable hiding place. The next few days he spent in reconnoitering. Early one morning he broke camp and, riding, propelled the dugout upstream. Between marshy lowlands, banked with vast forests, he continued his journey for ten or twelve miles, entered Deep River, followed its course and entered Duck Creek. He followed this to the second bend where he espied a blaze that he had made several days before. Here he again hid his canoe and constructed a permanent camp. But what was his business in this desolate spot? Why his suspicious and restless attitude?

"At daybreak he began the removal of the cargo from the canoe. Rolling back the tarpaulin, a chest bound in straps of iron, met the gaze—straps crosswise, straps lengthwise and larger straps for hinges. Three mammoth padlocks, each with a different combination, secured it.

"He lifted the cover. We are disappointed at first, for we see nothing but a number of well-filled chamois skin bags, where we expected a golden hoard to greet us.

"But stooping he picks one up and pulling it open, mutters 'Gold, gold.'

"The crackling of a twig catches his practiced ear. With a quick, yet noiseless movement, he turns, lets down the cover of the chest and reaches for his gun. 'Twas only a squirrel. Muttering, reproaching himself for his fright, he returned to the gold.

"His cabin stood upon the northern bank of what is now known as Duck Creek, just as it bends to the southward.

"In the cabin he places ten bags of gold, and with the rest in the canoe, proceeds southward a quarter of a mile. In a hole at the foot of two white oaks, barely three feet apart, he deposits the chest and the remaining gold.

"If we had walked the streets of Hobart, Indiana, in the late thirties, we should have recognized among the inhabitants, a man, prematurely gray. The startled expression has almost gone from his face, but in its stead is a lonely, haggard and remorseful look. A man of means, he is highly respected by many in the community, but of late a story has been circulating—of course it contains no truth—a story that Mr. Manly—for such was his name—did not obtain his income in a manner wholly commendable.

"Upon going a little farther we meet—but is he not a newcomer?—Mr. Dunn.

"He looks the thorough business man. Shall we hear what he says? He talks of big deals in real estate with the Indians and about home-steading the land in this region. Some remark is made to him concerning his Indian relics and thereafter he gives us his undivided attention. We are allowed to take our leave only after a promise to dine with him and inspect his trophies.

"At the appointed hour we arrive at his home. It is pointed out to us as the grandest in town. And it is a mansion, indeed. We are ushered into the music room—our host, though well known as a lover of archaeological treasures, is also a lover of Euterpe. Arrayed upon the walls of this room in fantastic designs and exact tribal relations are relics of many Indian tribes, besides trophies of the chase, with here and there, a painting from the brush of a famous artist friend.

"While Mr. Dunn is relating the many stories concerning the obtaining of these treasures a little blue-eyed, fair-haired boy slips quietly to his knee. His serious eyes, steadily fixed upon the speaker, show that he is intensely interested.

"To our great disappointment, during the early part of the evening our host is called to the bedside of a dying friend. At a later meeting with him we learn that this friend was Mr. Manly. It seems that Mr. Manly had been worrying over some weighty matter

for a number of years. The worry affected his mind and through this weakness his body became diseased, and for a long time he had been in a state of decline.

"On his death-bed Mr. Manly told the story of his life before he came to this wilderness; of the position he held at Washington as a government official of seemingly excellent repute; of his being chosen as the man who should pay the soldiers and Indians at Fort Dearborn; of his taking the money and making good his escape. He all but told where the balance of the treasure was deposited for he handed Mr. Dunn a cipher note, written on parchment—the key to which he would not reveal, nor would he reveal any more definitely the hiding place of the treasure.

"Mr. Dunn tried for many years to decipher this note, but with little success. His son, the blue-eyed boy, now grown to manhood, sits at a high desk, book-keeper for the Superior Iron and Dock Company of Chicago. But he does not seem to be at book-keeping now, nor is he idle. A paper of wearing quality is spread out before him. If we were to look over his shoulder at it we should see only a jumble of letters. As he works over them, often referring to a small paper in his hand, he slowly reads as he writes, "One quarter mile from the second great bend in Duck Creek. From spike in wild cherry at large spring, one hundred yards west to two white oaks above the other spring." Here the talking stopped, for a customer entered the office. Then he hurriedly placed the papers, cipher, code, translation and all between the pages of his mammoth ledger for the month of September of the year of 1871.

"A week later he was sent on a mission of great trust to be gone for several months, and, of course, the papers were forgotten.

"On the night of the 8th of October, 1871, a party was given in Chicago in honor of some young people just arrived from Ireland. Running short of milk punch and lacking the milk to make more, finally it was suggested that Mrs. O'Leary kept cows, and so in the midst of games and talking, unbeknown to anybody, one or two slipped out to the O'Leary barn for the milk. The animals at this time were furnished with shavings for bedding and it is thought that these people set the shavings ablaze.

"In a short time the city was in flames. Every one was terribly excited. As fast as possible everything portable was moved to the lake front.

"A large express wagon stopped at our offices, and, to save moving our safe, our books were heaped into the safe of the Superior Iron and Dock Company at the command of the head of that firm who went with his valuables. The safe was taken to the lake front and left in charge of a trusted clerk.

"Our books were on top, but in the jolting of the wagon over the debris of the burning district a ledger of the Dock Company was shaken among the books of our heap. Later it was brought to our office where the mistake was immediately noticed. The book was set aside to be returned, but in the tumult was forgotten. A new book-keeper afterward placed it at the back of the safe among the records. It remained there until our part of the firm retired from business. They kept it with the records, thinking it was such. When we moved to Hobart we brought this ledger with us, among the records and documents.

"Since I have been taking private lessons in book-keeping I have much need of extra ledger sheets. In looking over a ledger for clean sheets—it was that of the Dock Company for the year 1871—I found those papers placed there so many years before.

"After some thought I decided that these papers concerned the money for which Mr. Dunn searched so long after finding five thousand dollars in the cabin which stood on the ground now occupied by the Hobart High School. It was an easy matter to find the second great bend in Duck Creek. One quarter of a mile south is the large spring. There is a wild cherry tree; indeed you are sitting upon its roots now. But this is not the one referred to in the old papers. It has grown from the old one, which must have been a giant of its species, for the remains of its stump are still to be seen. By carefully cutting away the decomposed parts I found the spike, not in the form in which it was placed there, but as rust. 'One hundred yards west to the two white oaks.' Even the stumps of these are rotted to the ground. After digging, digging, digging, I came to the

rusted irons of the chest. The wood was ready to drop from them, and beneath were the half decomposed chamois skin bags, through which the gold gleamed with tarnished luster."

As he finished speaking, the sun sank in the cloud-bordered west.

Thinking only of the story, she questioned him, "What are you going to do with the money?"

Producing a bank book, several deeds—one for a lot in the suburbs—he said, "I've invested the largest part of it. With the rest I'm going to Europe. I came this afternoon, as I started to tell you when you interrupted me, to say good-bye, if—if you will not go with me. Come, say that I have discovered another rare treasure."

BENJAMIN SMITH, '12.

THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

BERNIE! Oh, Bernie!" There was a note of joy in the childish voice.

"Why, hello, Glad," the girl called back.

The child's name was Emmaline Gladys Hunter, but everyone called her Glad. She was such a sunny happy little youngster. Everyone loved her and she loved everyone in return, but Bernie Morrison, who lived next door, was her favorite.

Her tiny hand reached up and caught that of the girl beside her; for a moment there was no responding grasp. "Oh dear," Bernice was thinking, "Oh dear, why will she bother me now?"

Then she was ashamed of herself and took the little one's hand and smiled down into the big brown eyes.

She had given herself up to the lively happy chatterer when she heard a step behind her and a voice said, "How do you do, Miss Morrison." With a smile she returned the greeting, but the young man hurried on.

"How strange of him," she thought. Then she remembered. He had told her one evening when they were together—that evening he had brought her roses—of his intense dislike of children, "especially at the chattering period."

Oh well, it wasn't nice of him but—how annoying, when he was hardly ever in town!

"And it's Friday night now an' you don't have to do your lessons and you'll tell me 'bout th' 'enchanted princess, won't you?"

How flushed her cheeks were, Bernice noticed; and her eyes, how bright, even for Glad's eyes; and how hot the tiny clinging hand in hers.

"An' 'bout the Prince Charming, too, with the plume an' the"—

"Oh, Bern!"

"Bernice!"

She turned. It was the girls in Kathleen's car. "Room for one more," they were calling.

She stood for a moment irresolutely. The car purred enticingly.

"An' the silver buckles an' the horse with—"

She smiled down at the small speaker. "Not tonight, Glad," she said, "not tonight. I'm going to be busy, so run along home, dear."

Then she turned to the girls. "Just a minute till I put my books inside."

When she came back and climbed into the car, Glad was sitting on a rustic bench in her own yard. Bernice could not see the tear-wet lashes nor catch the wistful note

as Glad told herself the story. "An' Prince Charming came and he kissed th' 'nchanted princess right on her rose-red lips an' she wasn't 'nchanted any more. 'N' so the prince and the princess were married an' lived happy-ever-after."

* * *

When the girls brought Bernice home that night, she stood at the foot of the path that led to her home, waving them goodbye.

She made a beautiful picture, her dark, curly hair blown about her face, her blue eyes bright, her whole figure radiant with youth and happiness.

As she turned, she herself saw a picture.

On the adjoining lawn Mr. Hunter stood beside the bench where Glad was sitting. He bent over her in an anxious, almost caressing attitude. He had tried so hard to be father and mother to her, he was thinking—poor little motherless thing!

As he swung her into his arms to carry her to the house, he caught sight of Bernice walking slowly up the path to her doorstep. Gayly he waved his hand and called, "She's asleep, or she'd wave to you."

How nice of him to wave because Glad couldn't. And how big and strong he looked. And yet how tenderly he carried the child. He was a fine man, she thought.

* * *

Often and often in the long two weeks that followed, the picture came back to her. But oftener still came the words, "An' the silver buckles an' the horse with,"—"Not tonight, Glad, not tonight. I'm going to be busy, so run along home, dear."

For Glad had typhoid fever. And all through her troubled dreams she would call, "Bernie, Oh Bernie"; and then talk of the enchanted princess and Prince Charming and the plume and the buckles and the horse with silver trappings.

* * *

They said that the crisis was at hand. Nothing could have kept Bernice Morrison away. She sat by the side of the little bed and held the soft, hot hand in hers.

Seven o'clock, eight, nine. Mr. Hunter came and sat beside her. The nurse passed back and forth. The candles on the mantle flared and flickered. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, nearly twelve.

Glad opened her eyes a moment. "Bernie, Oh Bernie," she said, "the princess was asleep in th' 'nchanted tower and,"

"And Prince Charming came," Bernice whispered, "and kissed her right on her rose-red lips and she wasn't enchanted any more."

The dark fringed lids dropped lower over the big brown eyes; the lips curved into a faint smile.

"And so the prince and princess were married and lived happily ever after."

The little hand loosed its hold and, with a happy sigh, Glad fell asleep.

The two sat watching her. Hand slipped into hand in the dimness and silence; and the friendship of long years gave way to something greater and deeper and infinitely more beautiful.

DORIS WHITE.



LITERATURE.

"Dreams, books are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."—Edwin Watts Chubb.



WHEN children have finished the first eight grades, the question arises, "High School or not?" For many the answer is already decided. But, to a large number comes the thought, "Of what value will this education be to me?"

Everything created has some purpose. Some use can be found for each. A high school education is always useful, always beneficial. There are many things of value in this course; music and art for pupils thus inclined; science for some; and business for others.

But let us pass them by. Come with me. Here before the open portal of literature let us pause. Do you wonder why? Are you doubtful concerning the value of literature? Perhaps you think it is only idle pastime. Many, many are mistaken in this.

Various selections are presented and taught. New beauties are revealed in each. The theme, almost always some noble truth, is thoroughly discussed. In this manner authors and their writings become very familiar and welcome to the students.

Perhaps you wonder what value this bears to anyone. But consider a moment. We are often told that people are judged by the company they keep. This is true of reading matter. They are given a glimpse, a mere idea of what the broad field of literature contains. But this glimpse is enough to fascinate them. They are induced to pass thru the gate and become more acquainted with good writing and the acquaintance often changes into a warm friendship. This affects their thoughts. Soon, too, their actions are influenced.

Thus in the four years of High School life, many have become interested and influenced by good literature. And all is toward the better.

Do you still ask, "Of what value is literature?" I beg of you, you who consider this, to tell me—What is more profitable, more desirable than that which renders to us good men and women, that which gives us noble and true hearted citizens?

RUTH JOHNSON, '12.

MATHEMATICS.



IT HAS been said that "Poets are born, not made." But it would be very hard to apply this statement to mathematicians, and especially to the Class of 1912.

When we became Freshmen, (which was considered by us to be a wonderful accomplishment) we were told to obtain an Algebra at the book store. After having made the purchase we all took a fair glance within. But Lo! We could see nothing but x 's and y 's and equality signs. The expressions were absolutely meaningless. However, under the careful guidance of Miss Quinnell, we soon acquired the ability to find sixteen values for x and to prove that "Any quantity with a negative exponent is equal to the reciprocal of that quantity with a positive exponent." This was not attained until our Sophomore Year and it came as a result of faithful and consistent study. After we had solved numerous "simultaneous homogenous quadratics equations," and had several drills in graphs, we were given a slight taste of logarithms, but Mr. Thompson objected, saying that college work was done at college and that we were here for a high school education.

So we drifted into Plane Geometry. This proved to be a frolic, and seemed the most enjoyable of any study we had yet taken. We proved everything that was provable and then tried to prove that "A straight line was the shortest line between two points," but here we failed and it is our opinion that the individual who tries to prove it will find immense difficulty before he gets through. 'Tis true, the theory of limits required study and no member of the class dared to boast of the ease with which he had mastered it. Also it might be well to add that it was during this period of our High School days more midnight oil was burned in Hobart than ever before and Rockefeller prospered more than any time during his wonderful career. But not one proposition was passed over until every student had caused it to penetrate his brain so as to remain there forever. It will be remembered that during these stormy days we were forced to demonstrate before the "High and Mighty Seniors," namely the Class of 1910. We did not have to do any bluffing to make a good impression with our superiors and they looked on with admiration.

Upon entering our Junior Year several members of the class decided to take Physics. This is a study which deals largely with mathematics and one must be well advanced in Algebra in order to be successful. We had our troubles solving many of the problems, and it was the aim of each individual to work every problem himself, whether it took all night or all week.

Having completed our Plane Geometry, the last semester of our

Junior year was given to Solid. When the roll was called and it was discovered that almost the entire class were to take Solid, the instructor gazed with surprise. This is an elective and most students who do not expect to attend college usually pass it over. But a few lessons proved it to be the least difficult of all. The figures required in Solid Geometry are very difficult to produce, and several members of the class were given a chance to display their artistic talent. In construction work, the girls were handicapped, not having taken mechanical drawing. But the boys put some neat figures on the board.

When we became Seniors in the fall of 1911 we had many opportunities to apply the reasoning powers our training in mathematics had given us. Commercial Arithmetic under the direction of Mr. Zaugg gave the twelve Seniors who took it a nice little tussle for the credit.

It is the advice of all Seniors that a student, upon entering High School, should take all the mathematics he can get. No other subject develops the reasoning power to the extent that Algebra and Geometry do and when properly studied they are enjoyed more than any other subjects.

HAROLD TABBERT, '12.



GERMAN.

"Der kluge mann baut vor."
(The prudent man looks ahead.)



HAT was our reason for taking German instead of Latin, when we began our High School work. It has proved to be what we thought it, interesting, useful and hard to forget.

On beginning the work we found it very difficult but we determined to be masters of the subject, and can say with much pride that we have succeeded. The grammar work was the most difficult, but we took great interest in the poetry and short stories, especially the German songs we sang. These were appreciated by every one and we were greatly envied by all Latin students.

The second year's work was not so difficult as the first and much more interesting. We read Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," and at the end of the second year could write German readily.

Beginning the third year we were rather shy for we were put in a class of Seniors, who had three years' work to our two; but we soon overcame our shyness and showed the Seniors that our knowledge of German was not so limited. We translated Goethe's "Herman and Dortha."

We entered our fourth year of German with as much spirit and interest as we entered all other years, knowing that it was the last German work we could receive in Hobart High School, and determined to get as much knowledge as possible. We commenced with translating "Schiller's Ballads and Lyrics." Then we had some written work and found after we had completed this that we had improved a great deal in writing German as well as in reading.

We owe our sincerest gratitude and heartfelt thanks to Mr. Zaugg, our German instructor, who was "always kind and patient in our many faults and failings." We will always remember him as having been one of our favorite teachers, and hope that many other students may have his aid and assistance during their High School career.

C. B. M. '12.

"FORTI ET FIDELI NIHIL DIFICILE EST."

"To the brave and faithful nothing is difficult."



URELY this can be applied with truth to our Latin Class for, though the work was anything but easy, at times, we were always willing and persevering.

As Freshmen there came first the decision between Latin and German. We chose the latter and have never since regretted it. Mr. Zaugg piloted us safely through the declension of nouns and conjugation of fierce verbs that almost caused our hearts to quail. For instance, "flunko, flunkere, faculte, fixus," the true meaning of which we soon learned.

Mr. Zaugg remained with us to guide us through Caesar. This work was indeed difficult, but by the aid of our instructor we passed through wars and weary marches and campaigning without a scar.

On becoming Juniors we were transferred to Miss Quimmell. The book of Virgil interested us so greatly we paid little heed to anything else. We were aided by two Seniors who so greatly resembled the hero and heroine, Dido and Aneas, we were inspired to redouble our efforts.

Now as Seniors we have finished Cicero with all his virtues and powers of speech. It is with a sigh that we lay aside the finished book, a sigh for the good times we had in spite of solemn lectures we were reading.

But our work brought us more than mere good times, though they were to be many. It has brought us a lasting knowledge of Latin of which the coming years will show the value. We will remember oftentimes with loving gratitude to our teachers, our studies in Latin.

K. R. '12.





SCIENCE.

BOTANY: Great interest has been shown by the Botany class this year. No more mushrooms, but "puffballs for mine," has been the class motto ever since one member of the class said, "A sure way to test mushrooms is to let a cow have a chance at them. If she eats them it is safe for you to eat them providing she leaves any for you."

One genius expects to make his fortune by making yeast cakes out of sawdust. Another will produce grass seed that will grow on the back porch, even if it is swept twice a day. Still another will probably become famous by his antitoxin for curing the Spring Fever. But Ehner B. says all the antitoxin in the world cannot cure Duck Fever. But we are still hopeful that some genius will further the cause of Botany by finding some way to destroy the bacteria that cause it.

T. B. '15.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY: Ten Seniors and one Junior became curious as to what was inside of the earth and why it is dark at night, so they took Physical Geography. The first week we were plunged into a great jumble of rotations, revolutions and inclinations. But through Professor Wiley's patient explanation things cleared up so we could tell one from the other. We progressed nicely until we came to the subject of tides. A free for all debate followed until we decided the moon was to blame for them. We passed on and took up the topic concerning the earth. Some difficult, some easy, but all interesting. Just ask the Physical Geography class if you want to know the answer to any question in regard to Mother Earth.

R. R. '12.

CHEMISTRY: This year the entire class took chemistry. From a distance the laboratory work seemed a heap of chemical compounds decorated with reactions and explosions. But at close view we found a little work in connection with the festivities. The girls were extremely fond of explosions. If they heard the least noise out of the ordinary, they would imagine an explosion was blowing the roof off the building and they would rush for the door, going through it even if it did not happen to be open. In the class we first learned that hydrogen, H, plus Oxygen O, made H₂O, Hydrogen monoxide, which is the scientific name for Duck Creek minus the fish and bugs. Then followed a long list, in which we discovered a number of familiar objects along with the new. And at last our afflictions we have come through hanging onto a note book and two credits in Chemistry, while some of us have not a slight knowledge of the subject as well.

R. R. '12.

PHYSICS: The Hobart High School pupils that take Physics may never experience the joys of burning their fingers or ruining their clothes as the Chemistry pupils do, nor be considered by the others to be very lucky, because Physics is not a soft snap. But luck stands by the Physics student. For instance, Leon and Lawrence upset a calorimeter and the test tubes were the only articles broken, while the three dollar thermometer, which fell to the cement floor, escaped whole. The experiments worked out in the laboratory are perhaps the most interesting parts of Physics, especially those in electricity. One of the boys became so fascinated in the laboratory work that he actually donated a penny for a proof-plane. But even more interesting than the experiments or apparatus was writing up our note books especially when we were four or five experiments behind. Every principle or theory that we did not understand Mr. Zaugg explained to us so well that Physics became really a pleasure. He must possess a different electrical sign than we have, for we are certainly attracted and attached to him.

O. W. '13.

HISTORY.

"The greatest lesson written on human history appears to me to be that of progress, consisting above and before all things not in our ever advancing insight into the laws of physical nature or the laws of comfort but in our deeper apprehension, as the ages roll on, of the sacredness and worth of man as an ethical being endowed with volition, choice and responsibility."—Lilly.



Did you ever think there was such a lesson in history? Did you ever get farther than the dates and generals? Did you ever look beyond the "dry, old stuff," for anything deeper? If you never did, then you really should have been a member of our classes in history, for as we look back now, we can see that this was the special aim of our instructors.

The History course of the H. H. S. covers a period of two years, the second and the third. The work of the second year consists in the study of Ancient History down to the fall of Rome 476 A. D. In the Junior year we studied Mediaeval and Modern History which takes us from the fall of Rome 476 A. D. to the present time. In our Sophomore year we took up the former subject under Professor Barts. From the Phoenicians leaving to the world their ships and their principles of commerce, and the Hebrews their records and their religion, down to the Romans who left us their language and their law, each nation had a gift for us, a legacy, rich and lasting. We find that we owe a debt of thanks, at least, to those queer old races, those pioneers of civilization who successfully worked out the problems that confronted them and have given the results to us.

As we passed out of Ancient History we entered upon our Junior year, taking up the study of Mediaeval and Modern History with Mr. Newlin as instructor. We found that the French Revolution marked the end of the Age of Kings and the beginning of the Age of the People in their respective countries. The study of these events was made the occasion of driving home the truth that, since this is the Age of the individual, our political and social fabric is worth just what the individuals in it are worth and no more.

Our work in History brought us to the realization that the past has meant everything to us, the blessings enjoyed by civilized nations of today have come as a result of hard work and sacrifice; that the oncoming generation is heir to a great and noble heritage; that it is their duty to receive, improve and pass on the estate with which the great Ruler of the universe has seen fit to endow them.

The work in Civics is not merely to impart a theoretical knowledge of the government under which we live, but to give a clearer understand-

ing of the relation in which a citizen stands to the State and Nation. The necessity of some kind of stable government was made emphatic and the nonsense of anarchism and its kindred heresies was severely denounced.

The duties and responsibilities of citizenship were discussed and matter of rights and privileges set forth as clearly as possible. Participation in the affairs of government, both general and local, was urged upon the class as a high privilege and a sacred duty. To live the life of an intelligent, unselfish, patriotic citizen was asserted to be the best way to preserve the heritage bequeathed by our fathers.

“For humanity sweeps onward; where today the Martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
For in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagot burns,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe returns
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.”

—Lowell.

CECILE MARTIN.



COMMERCIAL.



HE drudge trail is the road the untrained working man trudges over every morning and every night. He is so familiar with it that he becomes acquainted with his fellow trudgers on the same trail. By the place where he meets these other trudgers he actually knows whether the time-keeper will report him "late" or "on time." But from the drudge trail there are many branches leading to prosperity, and every day numberless trudgers turn into these roads and find success. On these roads the sign board reads "Business Training."

Much interest is taken in the Commercial Department of Hobart High School. Most of the students take up Bookkeeping as it is useful to them in whatever career they may choose. In our Junior year the Bookkeeping class numbered seven, six girls and one boy. Naturally we began to put on airs, as we generally had an enormous amount of "Cash on hand."

In our Senior year most of the students entered the Commercial Arithmetic class. We took up a harder book than was ever used before, for we were bent upon making a record in this class.

Stenography is offered in the latter part of the Junior year and through the Senior year. Only three of the nineteen twelves took advantage of the opportunity to secure a business training. Though only three we have proved to be a successful class. When we finished our "Phonographic Amannensis," we took up the study of the "Little Violinist." The story was very interesting and we were always anxious to find out what happened next. After the second semester we began transcribing on the typewriter from our own shorthand notes. This was quite difficult at first but later we became accustomed to it, and we were all the more eager to reach our goal in this study.

At the beginning of the Senior year we took up Typewriting. Then another member joined our class. Only one, but every one helps to make a stronger class. A more interested class could not have been found in H. H. S. We longed for our daily visits to the library and sighed when they were ended.

One afternoon several Sophies strolled into the library and saw the typewriters. As you all know, the Sophies were inquisitive. Determined to see what were under those covers, they looked, and you know the rest. Those Sophies became so interested in typewriting that every afternoon found them in the library to see if the typewriters were still in good condition. In just this way we found that in every part of the business course, the key note is interest.

To Miss Wood, our instructor in Stenography and Typewriting, we are greatly indebted. We shall not forget her patience with us in

teaching us the chays and gays. Also to Mr. Zaugg, our instructor in Bookkeeping and Commercial Arithmetic, for his patience with us when we came to class without our trial balances and balance sheets. And when we have entered the business world, we shall sigh as we pass the dear old H. H. S., and will ever remember the teachers to whom we owe a great debt for our business training.

MINNIE TRAEGER. '12.



OFFICE



ART study is unquestionably one of the highest and purest elements contributing to human happiness. The power to sketch, draw or paint, like the ability to read, sing or construct things of beauty and usefulness, affords innumerable pleasures. The study of Art is a real source of enjoyment, besides being one of the most potent means of developing the perceptive faculties. To be able to depict what the eye sees, or the mind conceives, is to possess a rare and highly valuable accomplishment. The study of Art gives a power to the eye, the hand and the mind entirely different from that gained by any other discipline.

Art is a refining influence in the formation of one's character. It develops artistic feeling and creates refined surroundings. It is an ever-refreshing spring by the wayside of life from which one can draw never-ceasing pleasure and enjoyment. It enriches the mind, purifies the soul, expands affection, softens heartaches and stimulates the imagination while it leads one to higher and nobler conception of life and its surroundings.'

H. S. '12.



As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sang the great Creator's praise
 To all the bless'd above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And music shall untune the sky.



HAT a magic power music has! How all of us long to express the music in us! And here in High School we have a chance to learn. The interest we have in our chorus work shows that we are gladly taking this chance and our success shows that we are making the best of it.

The first two years the four classes sang together, the third year it was decided to divide the chorus into two sections, but again our last year we sang as one chorus.

When we were Freshmen, Mrs. D. Richardson Lyeth was our music instructor. The next two years our music was under the direction of Miss Mabel C. Monroe and Miss Gola F. Baker. During our Senior year Miss I. Mae Richey has been our director. We realize that we have been unusually fortunate in securing such efficient instruction. In future days we shall surely remember them with great pleasure.

For four years or more the High School chorus has appeared at the Farmers' Institute. This year they held an evening session in the Auditorium, and the chorus furnished part of the entertainment, singing "Twelve O'Clock," from "Martha" and "The Song of the Vikings."

Besides these choruses we have studied "Pilgrims Chorus" from "Tannhauser," "Lost Chord," "Gallant Troubadour," "Zion Awake," and "Good night, Good night, Beloved."

The Class of 1912 has a girls' chorus which has done some good work although they have not appeared in public, but hope to do so

before the year is over. We have two skilled mandolin and guitar artists in our class. They are noted for serenades as well as public entertainment. We have also a skilled pianist, who has been our accompanist during our Senior year and the latter part of our Junior year. Her playing has been an inspiration to us and she has never been known to "flunk" on a piece.

Our commencement exercises will be held the twenty-fourth of May. We dare not think how we shall sing our last song of High School on that momentous night. But rather we wish to dream of the days when we shall look back lovingly to the happy, song-filled hours in music class.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And, as silently, steal away.

EDITH CHASE '12.





ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Senior—No, that slight swelling of your head is not permanent, only temporary. It will pass away after Semester Exams.

Leon—Yes, the best way to have order in a class-meeting is not to have any meeting. We would advise the purchase of a gun if your safety is so seriously threatened.

Fred—No, we would advise you not to bring carnations. Roses may be more expensive, but they suit her better.

Hugo—Yes, you may come. But don't let Willie see you in Joryville too often. Freshy—No, toadstools are not flowers. Also we advise you not to eat any unless you use the cow test. (See under Botany).

Rusty—No, don't come late too often. Mr. Zaugg's supply of patience might run out. Ignorant Junior—No, never ask the president for the floor. It is very unmannerly. You should bawl out what you wish to say, no matter who is speaking.

PERSONALS.

Miss Richey—"Bases can read this right off. They have lots of *do*."

Mr. Z.—"What did you get for the problem?"

Mable—"I didn't get a cent."

Mr. T., to Clara (who is giving a description of one of Chaucer's characters)—"So you took the rich landowner, did you?"

Clara (laughing)—"Yes, sir."

Mr. T.—"Well, that's a pretty good fellow to take."

Mr. Z.—"If a material is not a good conductor of heat, it is not a good conductor of electricity."

Roy—"How about a conductor that doesn't take your ticket?"

Leon—"Good conductor."

Katherine, reciting on Marlowe.—"And he grew up to be a great actress."

Minnie—"Where are the rest?"
Cecile (wisely)—"They are absent."

Miss Q.—"What is the term of office of an absolute monarch?"
Student—"For life."
Miss Q.—"Yes, or until the people rise up and kill him."

Mr. Z. in civics—"Who is the plaintiff?"
Hazel—"The one who complains."
Mr. Z.—"Who is the defendant?"
Edith—"The other one."

Harold—"Metal is a good conductor of heat."
Leon (who is sitting with Lawrence)—"So is Larry."

Mr. Z. in civics—"What is meant by the judge charging the jury?"
Mabel—"Er, er, it means, er, he tells them how much it costs."

Miss Q.—"What is Salem noted for—manufacturing?"
Doris—"Witches."

Miss A.—"How was Florida formed?"
Mabel—"By many lakes."

Harold (getting excited in chemistry class) to Leon—"I betcha fifty cents!"
Mr. Z.—"Not so much, Harold. Forty cents is enough."

Mr. Wiley—"How would you draw two circles?"
Hazel H.—"Round, I guess."

Miss Q.—"What is so queer about a kangaroo?"
Ella—"It jumps when it runs."

Mr. Z.—"Give a physical property of water."
Arthur—"It's wet."

Leon wants to know why the ocean was built so near the shore.

Lawrence in chemistry—"What does 'Ag' stand for?"
Willie—"Axle-grease."

Mr. Z.—"Bennie, what does this iron and sulphur smell like?"
Leon—"Fish."

Mr. Z.—"Why is pure sulphur tasteless?"
Bright Senior—"Because it has no taste."

Mr. Z. (translating German)—"Obedience is the first duty."
Willie—"I can't see how you make that out."

A certain Senior is thinking of typewriting a half dozen apologies and handing them to his friends. He thinks it would save him time and trouble.

Mr. Z.—"Who needed the help?"
Carl—"Rudenz. He was going to be married."

Mr. Z.—“The explanation of electrolysis will be found on page 23 of the Ladies Home Journal, Harold.”

Mr. Wiley in Sophomore Geometry class—“Now we'll start right where we quit off.”

Ethel Larson in Sophomore Geometry class—“Extend the line obliquely to the base of the foot.”

Ona, in Ancient History Class—“Pericles, he had the plague too.”

Mr. Wiley in Ancient History class—“Why did the Greeks build these theaters on a hillside?”

Hazel S.—“So they didn't have to make the hill.”

Ona, reciting in Ancient History class—“The Grecian women could not see the tragic comedies.”

Mr. Wiley to Loretta in Sophomore Geometry class—“What is an isoscles triangle.”
Loretta (just waking up)—“Having two sides and the included angle equal.”

Miss Quinnell in Sophomore Painting class—“Be sure your paper is dry or the tree will run.”

Mr. Zaugg translating “Hoher als die Kirche” in Sophomore German class—“And she pressed his strong, hard hand gently to her soft warm lips.”

Carl—“It must have been leap year.”

Miss Quinnell—“What do you put in the sky after the blue wash?” (meaning clouds).
Loretta—“A tree.”

Mr. Z.—“What kind of charges are there?”

Katherine—“Charges and discharges.”

Mr. Zaugg—“What would be a good way to keep water in a vessel from freezing?”

Ella—“Pour it out.”

Mr. Wiley (in physical geography)—“Do you know where there are any glaciers now?”

Bliss (just waking up)—“I thought there was one in Philadelphia.”

Mr. Z. (in commercial arithmetic)—“Either double it or multiply it by two.”

Mr. Wiley calls him William

Miss Quinnell just calls him Will

Mr. Thompson calls him Willie

Mr. Zaugg once called him Bill.

Miss Quinnell—“Dreams if rightly analyzed express some desire of the person.”

Katherine—“Say, do you think that's true? I dreamt last night I was doing the washing.”

Mr. Zaugg—“Yes, steam is invisible.”

Leon—“Well, I'd like to see some.”

Mr. T.—“You might think I am a bunch of dates, but I'm not.”

IMPORTANT DATES.

- Sept. 6—Those Juniors! Oh! Oh!
- Sept. 8—First Class meeting.
- Sept. 11—Seniors in Mr. Wiley's room.
- Sept. 12—Ruth Johnson returns, Nix on the Gary High School.
- Sept. 18—Larry gets a pink letter.
- Sept. 21—First Basket Ball practice!
- Oct. 2—Class decides on class pins.
- Oct. 10—Seniors hand in essays.
- Oct. 15—A Senior girl jilted by a Sophomore boy.
- Oct. 16—No tardiness today. First time.
- Oct. 19—FIRE!!! Near the depot!! Such excitement!
- Oct. 24—What's Mr. Zaugg smiling at this afternoon?
- Oct. 31—Favorite expression of Mr. Zaugg: "Please arise."
- Nov. 16—Seniors resolve never, never to make Chlorine again.
- Nov. 24—Argos vs. Hobart, 49 to 18, Hobart's favor.
- Dec. 1—Crown Point vs. Hobart, Hobart's favor, 23 to 20.
- Dec. 7—School just as it always was.
- Dec. 8—Valparaiso vs. Hobart, Hobart's favor, 56 to 11.
- Dec. 12—Basket Ball teams are practicing.
- Dec. 15—Whiting girls vs. Hobart girls, B. B. game, Hobart's favor, 17 to 5.
- Dec. 22—No more school this year.
- Jan. 9—Here we are again.
- Jan. 12—Gary girls vs. Hobart girls B. B. game, Hobart's favor 13 to 10.
- Jan. 19—Semesters! What are they? Ask two Seniors.
- Jan. 19—B. B. games with Whiting. Girls win, 51 to 0. But the boys (?)
- Jan. 22—First lesson in Physical Geography.
- Jan. 23—Hugo Fifield and John Fleck return to High School.
- Jan. 24—A bargain. Commercial Arithmetic for sale, 59c.
- Jan. 30—Helen S. rushed into the room and sat with Ernest Sohn. He nearly fainted.
- Jan. 26—Physical Geography test.
- Jan. 27—B. B. at Michigan City. Hobart girls win 19 to 7.
- Jan. 29—Grades in Physical Geography 20% to 96%.
- Feb. 13—Elsie Rose '11, brings a box of candy to school. Better not bet on a game again, Elsie.
- Feb. 22—Not even a vacation.
- March 1—B. B. game with Michigan City girls. Score 15 to 1 in favor of Hobart and a fine entertainment at Sarver's.
- March 5—Bliss quits Physical Geography.
- March 7—Discussion of tides in class by Willie and Mr. Wiley.
- March 8—Game at Hammond. Boys get beat as usual.
- March 9—Hobart Regulars vs. Whiting Owls. Score 34 to 11. Gave the Regulars the Championship of Lake County.
- March 14—Prof. Willie subs for Prof. Wiley in Physical Geography. He is some teacher all right.
- March 15—Seniors having their pictures taken for the annual.
- March 16—Everybody seems to be studying pictures instead of lessons.
- March 26—Hugo doesn't come late any more.
- April 5—Vacation while teachers attend the Association.
- April 10—Katherine's dream comes true.
- April 12—Oratorical Contest. Hurrah for the Sophomores!
- April 18—Ruth returns—a teacher.
- April 26—Contest at Hammond.
- May 2—Junior reception.
- May 9—These are the days when we are busy?
- May 17—Semester Examinations.
- May 20—This is the beginning of the last week. Don't you wish you were a Freshman?
- May 21—Class Day.
- May 24—Commencement.
- May 25—Track and field meet at Crown Point.



THE STAGE

IN THE AUDITORIUM.



WHEN in 1910 the new High School building was erected, one of the new features was the Auditorium. It is a spacious room occupying almost the entire second floor. It will accommodate nearly five hundred people and is well lighted and heated and ventilated. The stage is fully equipped with scenery and footlights have been added this year, which makes it much more attractive. Since these facilities have been within our reach a much greater interest in our "doings" has been shown.

All the school exercises are held in the Auditorium. Lecture courses have been put before the public and at least one play is given each year in which the pupils take part. Great care is taken in giving out the parts to select the right person for each role. The pupils show a great deal of enthusiasm in their work, each aiming to interpret the character assigned him. In so doing we have, in past years, been directed by members of the faculty. They have been wonderfully successful and received only a small part of the appreciation due them. This year we have been most efficiently aided in our dramatic and oratorical work by one who has specialized in that line, Mrs. Kate Wood Ray. We realize that we have been most fortunate in having her help and are deeply and sincerely grateful for all she has done for us.

All our music classes, our debates, our entertainments and even parties have been held in the Auditorium. Here we will hold our class day and commencement exercises and within its walls there will always be a host of pleasant memories for the class of 1912.

Stage Memories.

1911.

Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard.....	March 23.
Mr. Bob	May 22.
Oratorical Contest	April 17.
Captain of Plymouth.....	June 2.
High School Commencement.....	June 16.

1912.

At the End of the Rainbow.....	February 19.
Oratorical Contest	April 12.
The Miser of Raveloe	May 21.
High School Commencement	May 24.



SOCIAL.



Two essential factors of high school life are its social side and its intellectual side. High School life is dull and uninteresting without the one and valueless without the other. But Hobart High has never been lacking in either, the class of 1912 being especially noted for its social accomplishments.

The events this year have been numerous.

The Sophomore class tendered a farewell party to Miss Geraldine Swanson in the event of her leaving for Crown Point and in spite of their sorrow at her going the evening passed most enjoyably. Soon after the Senior girls had organized their club, the Sophomores seeing that the boys were not needed in these affairs, had similar social evenings, and, judging from our good times, they must enjoy themselves.

When we were Freshmen nothing delighted us more than a party, so as Miss Ruth Johnson brought glory to us in the Oratorical contest, we gave a party in her honor. Ruth's home being in Miller, Mrs. Werner with whom Miss Quinnell was staying, kindly allowed us to entertain her there. The party was a grand success and we went home wishing every Freshie might win a medal. Another well remembered good time was our farewell to Mrs. Cauder, who as Miss Anderson was our teacher the two years preceding. Numerous other social events took place upon which we look back with pleasure.

In our Sophomore year our social duties were no less numerous. The party at the home of Miss Mabel Traeger stands out plainly since the majority of the masculine element of the class were lacking. This gave us the idea of a girl's club which we carried out in the Senior Class with great success. A bus load were invited to surprise Miss Clara Mayhak that year too and a pleasant evening was passed. We were lucky enough again to have a member of our class win a medal in the contest, so we tendered Miss Doris White a delightful surprise.

As Juniors, we considered the quality rather than the quantity of our social functions and devoted most of our energies toward keeping up the custom of the Junior Reception to the Seniors. On June 14 at 8:30 p. m. the classes gathered at the home of William Fleck. There a program was given and games played after which each Senior and each member of the faculty were presented with an appropriate favor. After the accompanying verses had been read, we proceeded to the High School gymnasium, where an elaborate banquet was awaiting us. The gymnasium was scarcely recognizable, having been transformed into a beautiful dining room. Ferns and palms lent an air of elegance, while gray and gold draperies and pennants, rugs and cushions completed the transformation. The petals of a large daisy were the means of finding the seats at the table and while enjoying the five course dinner we were

entertained by Miss Florence Banks at the piano. As the evening after next was graduation we thought it a fine opportunity for everyone to see our banquet hall, so ice cream and cake were served and a pleasant evening spent.

Most of our social functions of the Senior year have been the entertaining of the different Basket Ball Teams. Seven of the Senior girls and six or seven of the Senior boys were members of our teams. Whiting and Gary were treated to refreshments and entertained until the time for their departure. In spite of Michigan City's defeat by our Basket Ball girls they left with praises for our treatment of them. They were taken to the home of Miss Alice Sarver where a three course dinner was served and the evening was spent in games and music.

Another thing which made a few evenings pass pleasantly, was the good times the Senior girls arranged. The first was near Thanksgiving and was given by Katherine Ramenstein and Ella Londenberg. The second was at the home of Hazel Strom on Valentine Eve and the decorations were unusually pretty and appropriate. St. Patrick's was celebrated next at the home of Minnie Traeger and as usual a jolly time was passed. On April Fool evening was the next meeting at the home of Hazel Halsted, and although the boys begged pretty hard to be in on the festivities the evening was hilarious enough without them.

How often will the members of the class of 1912 look back upon their High School days and remember the good times they have had. Although we had been studious and conscientious in our work we were always ready for a good time. In this way we had our share of fun as well as of work, and our High School days will always be a pleasant memory.

HAZEL HALSTED.

SH!

There are maids and boys who walk the hall,

Some are large, while some are small;
But lots of them—this now gets sad—
Many of them have "got it bad."

You can see them wander every recess,
Back and forth—no thought of rest;
Ground-floor, next floor, and third floor,
too,
Some find that even the library will do.

You see a couple here, and another pair
there,
They'll tramp over you, if you don't take
care.

For these stricken couples like each other
so well,

They can't even hear the warning bell.

My question is, "Are they perfectly sane?
Is there not a vacuum instead of their
brain?"

But better be walking than get old and
lazy,

Any way, "'Ain't it great to be crazy?'"

Let's let them go; they are fun to see,
And let's look out for—ourselves, maybe.
We will not smile at their looks so glad,
'Cause some day we may be as bad.



HOW much Alumni means! Four years of High School work faithfully done. The daily duties of study and recitation over for some, increased for others. In either case, the new duty, the new responsibility of "being an Alumnus" taken up.

To be an Alumnus! To sail out into the world prepared for the struggle there. To fight your battles with the sword of High School training and the shield of a High School diploma. To do nothing that might dishonor your school. To do all that you do for the honor of your school. This is to be "an Alumnus of Hobart High School."

And just think!— only a few more weeks, only a few more days and we will be among the Alumni! How eagerly do we peer into the world and search for the wearers of the purple and gold.

1889.	
Carrie Banks.....	Hobart, Ind.
1891.	
Grace (Rifenburg) Conroy.....	Hammond, Ind.
*Mamie Jory.	
William Portmess.....	Chicago, Ill.
1892.	
L. Victor Seydel.....	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Menta (Mander) Williamson.....	
.....	Detroit, Mich.
Emily (Ammerman) Alexander.....	
.....	Indiana Harbor, Ind.

Arthur Roper.....	South Bend, Ind.
Mary (Gordon) Ballentyne.....	
.....	Fort Sumner, N. Mex.
1893.	
*Howard Gordon.	
Agnes (Flester) Barnes.....	Hobart, Ind.
1894.	
*Ida Lutz.	
Mamie Hancock.....	Hobart, Ind.
Thomas Roper.....	Hammond, Ind.
Hattie (Belt) Wellock.....	Tacoma, Wash.
1895.	
Amanda (Trieless) Robinson.....	
.....	Chicago, Ill.
Edward Harney.....	Seattle, Wash.
*Hugh Thompson.	
Arthur Cook, C. E. (Purdue).....	
.....	Seattle, Wash.
Floyd Bayor.....	Hobart, Ind.
Robert Roper.....	Hobart, Ind.
1896.	
Pearl (Banks) Lutz.....	Whiting, Ind.
Clara (Peterson) Foss.....	St. Louis, Mo.
Edwin Gordon, M. D. (Indiana).....	
.....	Hobart, Ind.
Pearl (Kent) Beltzhoover.....	
.....	Valparaiso, Ind.
1897.	
Mary Portmess.....	Hobart, Ind.
Daisy (Lambert) Bullock.....	
.....	Valparaiso, Ind.
Norma (Seboller) Samuelson.....	
.....	Hobart, Ind.
Laura (Nitchman) Keyes.....	Xenia, Ohio

- Ruth Portmess.....Chicago, Ill.
 Mary (Roper) Strong.....Crown Point, Ind.
 1898.
 May Cheney.....Hobart, Ind.
 Tekla (Anderson) Ceander.....Reno, Nev.
 Luther Roper.....Hobart, Ind.
 1899.
 Bliss (Roper) Newman.....Hobart, Ind.
 Martha (Harrison) Brown.....Hobart, Ind.
 Myrtle (Banks) Iddings.....Lowell, Ind.
 Charles Blank.....Miller, Ind.
 1900.
 Lillian (Blank) Baker.....Chicago, Ill.
 John Johnson, A. B. (Indiana).....
Great Falls, Wis.
 Laura (Johnson) Irish.....Florida
 Jennie (Crockett) Irwin.....Hammond, Ind.
 Joseph Mundell.....Hobart, Ind.
 Clara Peterson.....Miller, Ind.
 Charlotte (Roper) Young.....
Crown Point, Ind.
 *Bernard Peterson.
 Dora (Stauffer) Halsted.....Hobart, Ind.
 Esther (Blank) Myers.....Chicago, Ill.
 1901.
 Joseph Johnson (student, Purdue)
West Lafayette, Ind.
 Mabel (Rowe) Butler.....Hobart, Ind.
 Bessie (Banks) Idle.....Wyandotte, Mich.
 Alhin Hazelgreen.....Seattle, Wash.
 Ella (Nelson) Carlson.....Hobart, Ind.
 Anna (Michelsen) Morton.....Gary, Ind.
 William Crockett.....Chicago, Ill.
 1902.
 Vicva Scoffern.....Chicasha, Okla.
 Dwight Mackey, M. D. (Valparaiso
 University).....Hobart, Ind.
 Arthur Carnduff, LL. B. (North-
 western).....Gary, Ind.
 Esther (Nelson) Williams.....Miller, Ind.
 Philip Roper.....Hobart, Ind.
 Elvira (Larson) Ewing.....Hammond, Ind.
 Ruth (Bullock) Mackey.....Hobart, Ind.
 1903.
 Alla (Rhodes) Carnduff.....Gary, Ind.
 Nettie Londenberg.....Silver Plume, Col.
 1904.
 Lena Michelsen.....Chicago, Ill.
 Anne Fleck.....Hobart, Ind.
 Sena Berger.....Hobart, Ind.
 Cora (Ragen) Maybaum.....Gary, Ind.
 Blanche Quinnell.....Chicago, Ill.
 Bessie Hayward.....Hobart, Ind.
 Howard Carlson.....Miller, Ind.
- Harte Mundell.....Mill Creek, Ind.
 Frank Reissig.....Hobart, Ind.
 William Warchus.....Liverpool, Ind.
 Ellen Malone.....Hobart, Ind.
 Cora (Saxton) Papke.....Tolleston, Ind.
 Paulina (Marquardt) Newman.....
Michigan City, Ind.
 1905.
 Floyd Saxton (student, Northwest-
 crn).....Chicago, Ill.
 Elsa Wettengel.....Hobart, Ind.
 Agnes (Carnduff) Knappenberger.....
Macomb, Ill.
 Gilbert Bullock.....U. S. Navy
 Marie Johnson.....East Gary, Ind.
 Beatrice Quinnell.....East Gary, Ind.
 Charles L. Jahnke.....Chicago, Ill.
 Oliver Bullock.....Gary, Ind.
 Floyd Scholler.....Hobart, Ind.
 Clara Fleck.....Hobart, Ind.
 Edna (Mundell) Troehler.....Hobart, Ind.
 William Killigrew.....Hobart, Ind.
 Harry Parker, M. D. (Northwestern)
Muskegon, Mich.
 1906.
 Olga (Neef) Bullock.....Gary, Ind.
 Eva (Deutsche) Fulton.....
Chicago, Ill.
 William Sholl, E. E. (Purdue).....
Tolleston, Ind.
 Ruth Boal.....Zion City, Ill.
 Jennie (Carlson) Quackenbush.....
Syracuse, Ind.
 Laura (Reissig) Bracken.....Hobart, Ind.
 Henrietta (Gibson) Groves.....
Tolleston, Ind.
 Gladys Henderson.....Beloit, Wis.
 Laura Lennertz.....Griffith, Ind.
 1907.
 *Howard Halsted.
 Genevieve Gibson.....Tolleston, Ind.
 Agnes Williams.....Hobart, Ind.
 Lillie Jahnke.....
Chicago, Ill.
 Lea Scholler.....Hobart, Ind.
 Amanda (Bullock) Carr.....Miller, Ind.
 Eunice Roper.....Hobart, Ind.
 Eric Carlson.....Hobart, Ind.
 Cecil Peterson (student, Indiana).....
Bloomington, Ind.
 Esther Boal.....Hobart, Ind.
 Eva (Odell) Diedle.....Tolleston, Ind.
 Ethel Frank.....Hobart, Ind.
 Beatrice Drew.....Chicago, Ill.

Alice Mundell.....	Merrillville, Ind.	George Tabbert.....	Hobart, Ind.
Lucy Mander.....	Westville, Ind.	Ellwyn Roper (student, Northwest- ern).....	Evanston, Ill.
Kathleen Killigrew.....	Hobart, Ind.	John Killigrew.....	Hobart, Ind.
Floyd Banks.....	Whiting, Ind.	Ethel Crockett.....	Valparaiso, Ind.
1908.		William Traeger.....	Hobart, Ind.
Thomas Michelson.....	Chicago, Ill.	Mildred Neef.....	Hobart, Ind.
Julia (Fleck) Griffin.....	Valparaiso, Ind.	Henry Harms.....	Hobart, Ind.
Ralph Wood.....	Hobart, Ind.	Edna (Seydel) Tree.....	Miller, Ind.
Hazel Lewis.....	Chicago, Ill.	Edna Traeger.....	Hobart, Ind.
Florence Banks.....	Hobart, Ind.	Royal Morton.....	Gary, Ind.
Gertrude (Sweeting) Reeder.....		Lydia Traeger.....	Hobart, Ind.
.....	Chicago, Ill.	Margaret Boldt.....	Hobart, Ind.
Viola Wall.....	Bristol, Ind.	George Tree.....	Miller, Ind.
Nettie Kraft.....	Hobart, Ind.	Beth Swanson.....	Crown Point, Ind.
Alice Struebing.....	Chicago, Ill.	1911.	
William Marquardt.....	Chicago, Ill.	Marguerite Swanson.....	
Edna Carpenter.....	Gary, Ind.	Crown Point, Ind.
Julia (Peterson) Moberg.....	Andover, Ill.	Isa Bullock.....	Hobart, Ind.
Martha Heck.....	Chicago, Ill.	Emma Gruel.....	Chicago, Ill.
Lillian Rossow.....	Hobart, Ind.	Herbert Hartnup.....	Hobart, Ind.
Gladys (Mackey) Woods.....	California	Alice Larson.....	Hobart, Ind.
1909.		Rose Phillips.....	Hobart, Ind.
Henrietta J. Harms.....	Hobart, Ind.	Carl Lennertz.....	Hobart, Ind.
Emily E. Bracken.....	Hobart, Ind.	Elmaida Johnston.....	Elkhart, Ind.
Deering A. Melin.....	Hobart, Ind.	Bertha Kraft.....	Hobart, Ind.
Lenna L. Peddicord.....	Mt. Oreb, Ohio	Paul Bruebach.....	Hobart, Ind.
*Theresa G. (Butts) Halliday.		Cora (Demmon).....	Kansas
Fred W. Frank (student, Purdue)		Elsie Rose.....	Hobart, Ind.
.....	Lafayette, Ind.	Hugo Fifield.....	Hobart, Ind.
Helen Mackey.....	Hobart, Ind.	Matilda Harms.....	Chicago, Ill.
Gladys P. (East) Spry.....	Wheatfield, Ind.	Edna Borger (student, Art Insti- tute).....	Chicago, Ill.
Lizzie Klausen.....	Hobart, Ind.	Fred Weaver.....	Hobart, Ind.
Lillie (Rose) Scholler.....	Hobart, Ind.	Alvina Krausse (student, St. Mary's)	
Hattie C. Papka.....	Chicago, Ill.	South Bend, Ind.
Margaret Bullock.....	Hobart, Ind.	*Deceased.	
1910.			
Bessie Banks.....	Hobart, Ind.		





BASKET BALL TEAM

ATHLETICS.

THE Basket Ball season began most favorably for Hobart. Argos was humbled by a 47-16 score; and for the first time in history Valparaiso suffered defeat from Hobart, the score being 56-11; Crown Point also fell before these same conquerors.



BASKET BALL TEAM

However, these victories were not to continue. Fleck was taken sick with typhoid fever which put him out for the remainder of the season. The team was never so good thereafter. But regardless of the fact that Hobart lost most of the games, much credit is due Mr. Wiley for the coaching of a team of nearly all green material.

Though the boys failed to win laurels in basket ball the girls fared better; they played two games each with Whiting, Gary and Michigan City. But one defeat mars their record. Gary refused to play a third game with Hobart, therefore the championship of Northern Indiana was won by the Hobart girls.

The captain of the girls' team, Edith Chase, deserves special mention. Thirty points or more in a game was her usual score. She is a star forward, having never met a rival.

In years gone by the boys have been stronger in track than in basket ball. They won over Whiting in a dual meet last year 55-53, after Whiting had won the county championship. The other schools of Lake county will have to reckon with us May 25, 1912.

LAWRENCE C. TRAEGER, JR. '12.



GIRLS IN GYMNASIUM



SENIORS.



ALTHOUGH we consider it an ideal ceremony to introduce ourselves, yet we would fain tell you who we are. Ask the Faculty who we are and the answer will be, "The pride of the High School." Ask the Freshmen and they will say, "Our Ideals." Ask the Sophomores and their reply will be, "The teachers' pets." Ask the Juniors and they will say, "Our greatest worry." Ask us, We, who we are? Why! The Idea! We are the Seniors. Now to be frank what we are, well, we will tell you. We are the class with the highest average in Hobart High School.

It is not necessary for us to show our class roll. Just borrow the record if you are not satisfied with what we have said, and in that way you may learn the whole story. We are the class in whose roll can be found one member who possesses a Valparaiso Scholarship; two who have been chosen to fill the positions of Captains of the Basket Ball Teams; one who has broken most hearts in High School; the "heaviest" one and the "reddest" one; the "wittiest" ones; the "fairest" one. There are others too numerous to mention. Were we to continue there would be no end to the enumeration. For that reason we must cease.

We state with pride the fact that we exceed in number all preceding graduating classes of the High School. And know that we have accomplished that which we sought, the very best results of all our work; we obtained this thru hard and careful toil and sincerely hope other classes will do likewise.

As we, in after years, look back upon these, our sunny High School days, we will find many a loving message lingering around our hearts, faint echoes of the days gone by.

"Still o'er these scenes will memory wake,
And fondly brood, with miser care;
Time will the impression but deeper make,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

CLARA MAYHAK.

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL IDEALS.

FEMININE.		MASCULINE.	
Eyes	like Hazel H.'s	Pompadour	like Roy's
Nose	like Ella's	Eyes	like Ben's
Dimples	like Ruth's	Nose	like Will's
Chin	like Catherine's	Ears	like Art's
Complexion	like Hazel S.'s	Complexion	like Gordon's
Eyebrows	like Minnie's	Voice	like John's
Head of hair	like Mabel's	Laugh	like Leon's
Coiffures	like Bliss's	Shoulders	like Lawrence's
Curls	like Doris's	Hands	like Harold's
Arms	like Cecile's		
Voice (Alto)	like Edith's		
Voice (Soprano)	like Clara's		



THE Juniors themselves are more interesting than their class history. And, if you know them, you can understand the history they made much better. First on the list—according to the alphabet, and by right of office, is Ralph Banks. Ralph can keep us all smiling, and every member of the class is his friend.

Olive Wood, Secretary, is usually very quiet; and the days she does not come with all her lessons is a legal holiday. Gladys Maxwell is Treasurer. We trust her, for she has charge of all our cash. Olive and Gladys came from Deep River three years ago, but we could not get along without them now.

Bertha Busse and Edith Ream are two of our three artists. Artists are much prized in our class, because they are so rare. They would be the popular girls they are, without their talent, for they are always present, just on time when we need them.

Walfred Carlson is big and tall and blonde. When the Physics problems are hardest, he has them all. Does he need any other recommendation? Forrest Crisman has the most nearly perfect attendance record of any Junior. If we were all as faithful, the Juniors would have the best record of the school.

Ralph Kraft is the star in Algebra and Geometry. He can get and explain the toughest problems in the course. Lightner Wilson is pianist and artist. In his Freshman year, he was an ardent botanist, and very good about bringing specimens. This saved the class from studying the index and we thank him.

Fred Rose is the pride of the class in Basket Ball. He threw the goal that tied the score in the Crown Point game, and has played on

the first team in every game this year. He gets his training driving out to Deep River every two weeks.

All together, we Juniors have had happy times with each other. We are looking forward to a vacation full of fun and a Senior year filled with better work and just as happy as our Junior year.

RUTH S. THOMPSON.

JUNIOR TRIBUTE TO THE SENIORS.

Sung at the Junior Reception May 2, 1912,



SHOULDER to shoulder, firm and steady,
Eyes right ahead and heads held high,
Banners afloat and lessons ready,
That's how the Senior Class goes by!
The boys and girls who know the way

To make the most of every day;
Never a care nor a fear have they!
Hark to their marching song;—
Here's to the Senior holding credits,
Daily for truth did he dig and delve!
Here's to the new "Aurora" he edits,
Hail the Class of Nineteen Twelve!

When comes the sunny Summer weather,
Off to the woods and streams they go,
Learning in long glad days together,
All that a student good should know.
Daily they do some kindly deed;
Ever they answer calls of need;
Service is part of their knightly creed,
Helping the world along.
Here's to the Senior holding credits,
Daily for truth did he dig and delve!
Here's to the new "Aurora" he edits,
Hail the Class of Nineteen Twelve!

BERTHA BUSSE, '13.



THERE are four classes in H. S., i. e., Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshmen. The Seniors are the "older," the Juniors, the "younger" and the Freshmen—well, the word speaks for itself. But the word Sophomore is "Greek" to most. By observation and by referring to the dictionary, it will be learned that "Soph" means "to make wise." Then by adding the suffix "more" it will become evident that we are "more wise" than the others, although they have not as yet awakened to the fact.

In historical times the Sophists were **philosophers** who gave instruction in rhetoric and the art of disputation. But we are far "more wise," for there is really nothing in which we cannot give instruction—if we can find anyone to take it. Everett Newman is already a full-fledged hypnotist, and Carl Krausse could give any suffragette hints upon the gentle art of breaking windows. His pocket book has suffered much this year in replacing panes. He surely will be "more wise" next year.

As a class we are spirited, studious, scholarly and very successful. How we attain such results the headpiece shows clearly. 50% of our boys and 20% of our girls entered the oratorical contest and returned with 75% of the medals. How's that! Our girls are also making great progress in "Art," for Miss Quinnell is often heard to remark, "Well, you certainly are a genius."

And now as our Sophomore days are drawing to a close, we will turn over to the Freshmen our historic name, hoping they will be as "wise" as we and that we, even "more wise" than now, will all be here next year to occupy another space in the "Aurora."

George H. White
 Hazel I. Stevens
 Alice Sarver
 Ethel Larson
 Edna Scheidt
 Ona Crockett
 George Pimbley
 Ethel Halsted
 LOretta Malone
 Mamie Barnes
 DOrothy Thomas
 Ruth Smith
 Everett Newman
 ESTher Kucaba

EDNA SCHEIDT '14.

THE FRESHIE'S LAMENT.

"Ah me!" we heard a Freshie sigh,
 As St. Patrick's day was drawing nigh;
 "Alas, and lack-a-day! Poor me!
 "Such plagued luck I ne'er did see!"

"Why sighest thou?" quoth a Sophomore,
 To the Freshie who sighed as ne'er before;
 "Why all these tears and awful groans,
 "Have you caught some sense, or broken some bones?"

"Alas!" the Freshie said, "Not so!
 'Tis not for those things I sigh, but lo!
 "Because the calendar, this year,
 "Has caused the Freshmen many a tear.

"Because 'tis fixed in such a way
 "That on Sunday cometh our great Saint's day
 "We lose our chance, your majesty
 "To display our colors where all may see."

"So that's your trouble," the Sophomore said;
 "Don't let that trouble your green bone head,
 "That's naught to worry over; Pooh!
 "Each day is St. Patrick's Day for you."

G. H. W. '14.



WE, the class of 1915, have come to the end of our first year in High School. On the whole we have enjoyed the past year very much and look forward to the three coming ones to be equally, if not more, profitable and pleasant.

When we came into the High School we numbered thirty-three. Everybody sat up and took notice, and the smaller classes jealously asked, "Where are the rest?" and said "Look at the mob." Some of them have tried to mob us ever since but we have held our own very successfully in spite of being hypnotized, jammed into the waste baskets, and forcibly ejected from the Sophomore room.

Our studies were so entirely different from anything we had in the grades that it took us about a month to become acquainted with the new work and feel at home; for the "green things" of Botany we had a fellow feeling, but if the Sophomores had their way, we would all be bottled up in formaldehyde solutions with the other specimens, especially after that famous Freshmen-Sophomore game.

Since we are the Freshmen this year, ours alone should be the privilege of being "fresh." But lo and behold! The faculty fail to remember that we are thus privileged. The other classes too, disregard what ought to be our undisputed right.

The drawing room is a haven of bliss for us, and when the pressure becomes too strenuous above, we repair to the lower regions for protection. The girls, to make impossible sunsets with "the light that never was on land or sea," and the boys, impossible wash-benches and tables. But sad to relate the janitor falls heir to most of our productions, as you will see by the sketch.

CLASS MODELS

Department	Bessie Ols
Penmanship.....	Elsie Strom
Manners	Harold Thompson
Studies	Ross Hollister

GENERAL REPRESENTATIVES

Class Athlete.....	James Murray
Class Artist.....	Helen Rose
Class Beauty.....	Trenton Barnes
Class Violinist.....	Marie Scheidt
Class Angel.....	Elnora Carlson
Class Cartoonist.....	Ernest Sohn
Class Pet.....	Clara Lapean
Class Musician.....	Helen Smith

SHARKS

English	Mary T.
Botany	Vernon T.
Latin	Freda N.
German	Agnes L.
Mathematics	Ed. F.

SPECIALISTS IN

Oratory	Fred Ramenstein
Entertaining	Theresa N.
Politics	Lewis Roper
Hair Dressing.....	Elsie M.
Wireless Telegraphy.....	Elmer B.

EDMUND FLECK '15.



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR FRESHMEN.

As given by the lordly Sophomores to Patriarch Essuark from Mt. Nigh Sigh 2 B. G. (Before Graduation).

1. Thou shalt honor the Sophomores, with thy whole soul and strength, and with what little mind thou hast. Thou shalt not make thyself believe that thou art anything whatsoever.
2. Thou shalt not take the name of "Sophomore" in vain.
3. Remember that thou keep holy St. Patrick's Day.
4. Honor the Sophomores that it may be well with thee and that thou mayest live peacefully thru thy Freshman year.
5. Thou shalt not throw erasers at the "Sophs."
6. Thou shalt not eat peanuts without the consent of the Sophomores.
7. Thou shalt tip thy hat and bend thy knee when thou seest a Sophomore.
8. Thou shalt not bear witness of any sort against a Sophomore.
9. Thou shalt not covet a Sophomore's best girl.
10. Thou shalt not covet his hat nor his coat nor his yell nor his "goat" nor anything that he possesseth.

C. K. '14.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.



BUSINESS is Business! What is it? It is the excuse of the cheat, the apology of the scoundrel and the defense of the skinflint, who makes the necessity of others his opportunity to fleece them.

In every good-sized city, there are men, whose trade is, to loan money at ruinous interest on mortgages and salaries. They will lend a few dollars on a miserable lot of tenement furniture, depending for the return of the principal and interest on the inability of their victims to get along without beds and stoves. They make advances on the salaries of clerks and bookkeepers, feeling secure, in the fear of exposure by their prey. Usually they keep within the law. The law forbids usury so they collect the interest in advance. In other words, if a man wants to borrow a hundred dollars, he gets ninety and pays back the hundred at the end of the month. The interest is a little more than one hundred and twenty-five per cent, a very fair return on the money lender's investment. Now if you were to inquire of one of these plunderers what excuse he had to offer, he would calmly tell you that business is business.

The successful burglar might make the same excuse and with as much reason. So might the pirate, the highwayman, the blackmailer or the pickpocket. But for these the excuse is not valid. It is not a legal defense. It would sound foolish and prove unsuccessful if offered in court. Even the usurer fails sometimes to make it a successful defense in court. Once in a while one of them offers it in vain and goes to jail for a week or two, or in the form of a fine, gives up a small part of his year's plunder.

But the business man, the crooked merchant, the cheating manufacturer, the bucket shop sharper, the adulterating grocer or druggist, it is very seldom they offer it in vain.

Since men began to buy and sell or trade, and those without a conscience began to cheat and steal, "Business is Business" has been a trade proverb. The man who is reasonably honest in his private life, he who values the opinion of his wife, children and neighbors, is a liberal contributor to the contribution box in church, discovers that he can change his line of conduct in his calling, and excuse himself in the eyes of everyone by solemnly announcing that Business is Business.

Some time ago certain practices of the sugar trust were discovered, taken up, and the trust was prosecuted by the United States government. This great corporation, not content with the enormous profits they were commanding, began to cheat the government that had granted them an almost complete monopoly. There was nothing largely intellectual about its manner of cheating. No Napoleon of finance

directed it, but a common cunning sneak thief. Instead of paying duty on sugar, a duty tendered the trust by a friendly congress, it used scales operated by wires to show fake weights. The grocer who sells $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of tea for a pound, or sands his sugar uses just about as much business acumen. But the trust made it succeed. The great volume of its business made it able to steal millions of dollars by this petty larceny system. And for many years it was so successful in covering up discovery that it was not interfered with. Now, its pilferings have been interfered with and while the men really responsible will never be brought to trial, a few of their accomplices have learned a valuable lesson; and, what was the justification for this crooked dealing? The old defense—Business is Business.

A few years ago, damaging daylight was let into the private correspondence of John Archibald of the Standard Oil company, who, as a leading member of that institution, had been writing to Senators and Judges employed by the people, asking certain favors and enclosing certain certificates of deposit as payment in advance. Mr. Archibald did not send checks as they have names and other data upon them, and are likely to get dishonest receivers into trouble. He merely deposited, anonymously, sums of thousands of dollars, in his banks and sent his official friends the means to draw out the money when they needed it. In spite of the various benevolences of the Standard Oil company nobody will suppose that Mr. A. distributed these presents because he wanted to get rid of his money. Every certificate that he sent out was in payment for some service performed or to be performed, and every service was a betrayal of the people who had elected the senator or judge to his position. Business is Business has long been a motto of the Standard Oil company. If not printed, framed and hung up over the desks of the directors, it is at least printed in their hearts. If you had an opportunity to ask Mr. Archibald why he purchased the Senators and Judges who are now in the enjoyment of his favors, he would undoubtedly tell you that "Business is Business." Perhaps he honestly thinks so. Whether he does or not, any man who carries the saying that far, is a dangerous member of any community.

Doubtless the vast majority of men would prefer to be honest. A great many of them continue to be throughout their business careers. The larger stores and the majority of the small ones are conducted on principles of absolute honesty, and strange enough, honesty pays in business better than dishonesty. But now and then a young man engaging in business, intends to remain honest, but seeing that his rivals prosper better than he by practicing dishonesty, says to himself, Business is Business, and engages in the same game.

But how can we remedy this? Take away the idea, that the banner of business, floating at the masthead of a ship of trade gives it the right

of piracy—and you will do all that is necessary to secure the blessings of honesty.

A thief is a thief whether he is sanding sugar, or depriving somebody of something he knows belongs to them.

If the loan shark is a robber so is the man who wrecks a corporation for his own interests. Let a man say "Business is Business," who has stolen a loaf of bread, and he will be given an opportunity to explain his theory to the inmates of a jail. There is no more defence for the food adulterator, the criminal who sells poisoned milk, or the combination of men who put food beyond the reach of the poor.

Perhaps it is not good policy to mix business with sentiment, but it certainly would be beneficial to mix it, and mix it liberally, with honesty.

LEON KILLIGREW.



VALEDICTORY.



RIENDS, one and all, we stand before you now
To say farewell. The Class of nineteen twelve
Have done their High School work and, pausing, wait
For what the future holds. This night has been
Through all our High School days before us ever,
Shadowy, dim, our own commencement night.
And now that night is here, commencement night!
A fleet of vessels twenty-one, we lie
At the harbor gate, each definitely bound
For some bright port, each ready even now
To start upon its voyage. This night we sail
As comrades, classmates, out upon life's sea.
Each keel is straight, and steady every helm,
Each mast is firm, sail strong and compass true.
And over every mast-head floats on high
The banner bright, "He conquers who endures."

So though perchance some vessel of our fleet
Lie stranded in a calm, a deadly calm,
Through nights and days of weary idleness
And waiting, watching with his sails all set,
He must endure. And when the welcome wind
Again fills out his sail, with heart renewed
Once more shall he go on, a conqueror.

Though clouds at sunset overcast the sky
And winds rush at him and high dash the waves
He must endure. And when the morning breaks
And wind and wave are still, he shall sail on
Through bright and sunny days, a conqueror.

All through the voyage when the way seems long,
When low hung mists all gray and dull and drear
Seem shutting out forever the port he seeks,
He must believe the banner o'er his head,
He must see through the mists and must endure.

For "He conquers who endures"! What meaning there!
What inspiration to us, sailing forth!
What promise for our future! For we know
That by the means that here we have received
And by the help of Him who reigns above

We shall **endure** and **conquer**. Now we wait
Restless, impatient to be off to sea!
No longer do we dread to say "Farewell."
Only our hearts call back to all we leave.

Farewell, dear High School! Ne'er can we forget
Thee, harbor warm and safe from gales and storms
Where we have anchored through the past four years
Preparing for our several voyages.

Farewell, O Master-builders, who have cared
For us within that haven, who taught us how
To rightly read the compass and hold the helm
Steady and true, and who have given us oil
To quell the dashing billows of the storm.
Farewell, each comrade vessel of our fleet,
Farewell, each class-mate, dear beyond expression.

The seaward breeze is blowing fresh and strong
It flutters out our banners and they seem
Like compasses themselves, to point the way.
"He conquers who endures." Our anchors lift,
Our vessels stir, now move, now gliding swift,
Go sailing, sailing through the harbor gate,
And, sailing, sailing out upon the sea.

DORIS WHITE.





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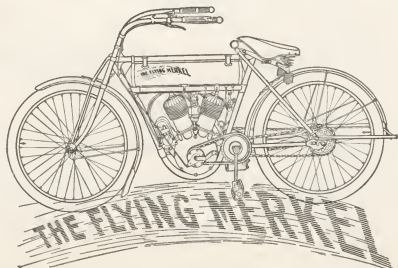
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